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S U S A N A N D O S M U N D,

A

L Y R I C P O E M.

THE MUSE'S AIM,
TO BLEND IMPROVING MORAL WITH DELIGHT,
AND WITH KIND PRECEPT SET THE HEART ARIGHT.

ANON.

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SUSAN AND OSWALD

THE LITTLE BOOK



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W. COLLEGE

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SUSAN AND OSMUND.

IN Britain's isle, for beauty fam'd,

Liv'd SUSAN, lovely fair !

In her was ev'ry virtue fram'd,

That cou'd her sex endear.

On Avon's fertile banks was born

The boast of Avon's side,

The bloom of spring's gay smiling morn,

Delighted nature's pride !

Unmindful



[4]

Unmindful she in fashion's flare
To shine with borrow'd rays ;
To brighten sorrow's gloom, her care,
The anguish'd heart to ease.

When pining want, or pensive grief,
Had met her pitying sight,
Sweet SUSAN minister'd relief,
And cheer'd each wretched wight.

So Phœbus does his beams diffuse,
And winter drear beguiles ;
His genial ray our joy renews,
And glad creation smiles.

(5)

The blush that oft her cheek o'erspread,

Shew'd innocence divine:

Those charms, by nature kind, display'd,

Had mark'd its great design.

Her eyes had each attractive power,

Her form had every grace ;

But mental worth, her greatest dow'r,

Excell'd her beauteous face.

Yet, heedless she of beauty's claim,

For conquests never fought:

To please her OSMUND, all her aim,

As he was all her thought.

B

OSMUND,

(6)

OSMUND, a youth of manly mien,
As could a youth adorn;
And fresh his face as e'er was seen,
Like Summer's ruddy morn.

In gentle manners he surpass'd
All others on the plain;
By every shepherd round confest
The kindest, comeliest swain.

He, like the lofty elm, display'd
Such grand majestic height;
His person rose, with strength array'd,
And charm'd each gazer's sight:

The

(7)

The nymphs admir'd his manly bloom,
No swain but him they fought;
But *they* alas! long mourn'd their doom,
Whom hopeless love had caught.

Yet he, his constancy to prove,
Ne'er rang'd from fair to fair ;
On one alone, his faithful love,
Had fix'd his soul sincere.

Such hearts in closest union twine,
As shrubs when planted nigh ;
Or as the tender spreading vine,
Beneath some friendly sky.

Within

Within one field their dwellings stood

Both near a pleasant vale ;

And o'er their roofs there hung a wood,

The scene of fondest tale.

As oft thro' yon sequester'd mead,

At dusk of eve they rove ;

By virtuous passion only led,

To speak of mutual love.

The language of the soul they spoke,

The landscape listen'd round ;

And fable night from silence woke,

Whilst echo told each sound.

The

(9)

The slowly winding Avon too,
Had join'd the plaintive strain;
To love, its lulling murmurs true,
Affuag'd each lover's pain.

They frequent sought its grassy sides,
And there in raptures woo'd;
Yet, soft as gentle Avon glides,
Their vows as softly flow'd.

As the green myrtle's lively hue
The gard'ner gives delight,
So, beauteous those fair blossoms grew,
And blest'd their parents' fight.

C

Tho'

(10)

Tho' form'd with Nature's utmost skill,

They seem'd her only care;

Yet cruel fate, with wayward will,

Oppress'd this lovely pair.

Both parents liv'd, as neighb'ring friends

In union oft have done;

On his daughter, one's sole joy depends,

The other's, on his son.

But wealth unequal, cursed fiend!

The source of ills and strife,

Had render'd wretched, in the end,

The close of ev'ning life.

Fair

Fair SUSAN's fire for treasure strove,

For treasure till'd the earth;

His daily wish and pray'r to Jove,

Were all for sordid wealth.

To av'rice base he e'er was prone,

Which veil'd parental ties;

Dormant his feelings, scarcely known,

Till sorrows badè them rise.

So undisturb'd, unruffled sleeps,

The wide extensive main ;

Till tempest o'er the surface sweeps,

And wakes the peaceful scene.

Old OSMUND, bred to war and fame,

His only wealth was this;

In war he gain'd a hero's name,

The soldier's highest bliss!

For rural peace he left rude cares,

And sheath'd the hostile sword;

His poor reward, a few hard scars,

No thought of selfish hoard.

The contrast 'tween each father's mind,

Cou'd not but adverse prove;

And deeply wound such lovers kind,

Yet add new force to love.

Oh wealth! thou source of misery!

Why such fond souls divide?

For SUSAN's fire wou'd ne'er agree

To make her OSMUND's bride.

Hope long had sooth'd their chaste desires,

Alas! it sooth'd in vain;

Each flatt'ring prospect now retires,

And fears alternate reign.

As sailors when their port's at hand,

Had banish'd all their fear;

But driv'n again from sight of land,

By adverse winds, despair.

D

Now

(14)

Now destin'd SUSAN and her swain,

To ev'ry hope are lost ;

Like ships that, on the stormy main,

Draw nigh a dang'rous coast.

But ah ! how partial cruel fate !

To punish virtuous youth ;

Whilst vice exults with triumph great,

O'er innocence and truth.

To deepen still this tragic scene,

Old OSMUND lent his aid

Without design—affliction keen

Still pierc'd this lovely maid.

The vet'ran, brave as man cou'd be,
 Was us'd to camps and arms ;
 To Cupid's pow'r a stranger he,
 Nor knew of soft alarms.

He now his only son address'd,
 And gave his trusty blade ;
 His eyes a father's heart confess'd,
 Yet thus he did proceed.

Take this, my boy, a steady friend,
 In adverse fortune try'd ;
 The cause of Britain to defend,
 On this I've oft rely'd.

In

In war, my child, now try your fate,

Since love has prov'd your foe ;

Let glory now assume it's feat,

And scorn inactive woe.

The western land now teems with war,

Support Britannia's weal ;

Nor shame your fire by sloth or fear,

Nor let your courage fail.

This rous'd the youth, he thank'd his fire,

And took the faithful sword ;

His breast with emulative fire

Had glow'd with ev'ry word.

Yes,

(17)

Yes, honour's field, the youth reply'd,

Shall prove a worthy son ;

Obedience to your will, my pride,

I ne'er shall dangers shun.

Aspiring hopes the hero rais'd,

On feats of war resolv'd ;

But soon soft love her empire seiz'd,

And all his soul dissolv'd.

Farewell, sweet SUSAN, then he cry'd,

What tho' from thee I'm torn !

No seas shall e'er our loves divide,

To thee my heart shall turn.

E

If

(18)

If crown'd with laurels ere we meet,

I'll quit the hostile field ;

And lay my trophies at thy feet,

Thy captive too I'll yield.

Young OSMUND soon to SUSAN went,

A word, cou'd neither speak ;

To moans and tears they gave full vent,

Here language proves too weak.

— — — — —

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— — — — —

— — — — —

With

With silent horror both were seiz'd,
With ev'ry grief oppress'd ;
They wept, they sigh'd, embrac'd and gaz'd,
Let fancy paint the rest.

Their mutual vows at length were pass'd,
Of constancy and truth ;
The *dreadful* hour arriv'd at last,
That call'd the faithful youth.

The sentenc'd wretch, by tyrant's pow'r
Doom'd to the racking wheel,
Cou'd not, on that disastrous hour,
Than they, more anguish feel.

Their

Their parting looks more pangs express'd
Than language cou'd pourtray ;
Their sorrows too extreme confess'd,
For language to convey.

Fair SUSAN, like the transient flow'r,
That droops at parting day ;
Or falls by frost in morning hour,
Pin'd with too swift decay.

She long had mourn'd her absent mate,
And long did grief endure ;
Her parents strove, but ah ! 'twas late,
Too late for SUSAN's cure.

Pale tyrant grief usurp'd its throne,
And laid fair beauty waste;
Yet saints had mark'd her as their own,
And rank'd her with the blest.

Her awful state she calmly saw,
Nor dreaded its approach;
Her fame was pure, without a flaw,
Her life without reproach.

By virtue's pow'r she smil'd on death,
Sweet innocence her aid;
She OSMUND blest'd, resign'd her breath,
And Heav'n receiv'd the maid.

As some sweet bird that seeks the grove,
To sing its ev'ning lay;
So SUSAN breath'd in sighs her love,
And gently clos'd her day.

From human cares she's now releas'd,
No longer fortune's sport;
Her sorrowing fire to grieve ne'er ceas'd,
His age's fond support.

His hoarded wealth no comfort gave,
An anguish'd mind to ease;
It cou'd not from the silent grave
His much lov'd daughter raise.

Now

Now doom'd on life's cold eve to mourn,

His all his soul held dear;

Alas! deserted and forlorn,

Without a friend to cheer!

His ev'ry tender feeling rose,

Since death had snatch'd his child;

Alternate pangs his peace oppose,

Calm grief, and sorrow wild.

He curs'd his av'rice, and his self,

To him a curse 'twas sent;

It robb'd him of his dearer self,

And caus'd this dire event.

Depriv'd of her, in drooping age,
Chill horror seiz'd his frame;
Nought cou'd his restless woes assuage,
Till death in pity came.

The fabric thus old Time impairs,
Without some friendly stay;
Yields to the mould'ring waste of years,
That urge its swift decay.

Young OSMUND long each danger brav'd,
In combat's martial field;
Fair SUSAN's pray'rs his life had sav'd,
For love's the hero's shield.

But

But ah ! sweet maid, she's now no more,

To save, by grateful pray'r,

Her OSMUND, on Columbia's shore,

From all the rage of war.

On Jersey's tented plain he fell,

Lamented, hapless youth !

His father's name supported well,

His valour, and his truth.

Resign'd, he look'd on welcome death,

His meed, a soldier's fame ;

With his last voice, his parting breath,

He utter'd SUSAN's name.

G

His

His glorious fall soon spread around,

And reach'd his native shore:

A parent's breast receives a wound,

It ne'er had felt before.

No more he rav'd in honour's dream,

Nor spoke of battle's won;

Now melancholy was his theme,

And sorrow for his son.

True fame he found should be pursu'd,

For mortals real good:

With horror now dread war he view'd,

Nor glory saw in blood.

Tho' oft for prowess he was try'd,
By many a pow'rful foe ;
And in the field his peers outvy'd,
He yields at length to woe.

So the old oak, whose pond'rous boughs
Long tempests rage had borne,
Yields to the sturdy woodman's blows,
And falls, decay'd and torn.

DESTRUCTIVE WAR ! thy ruthless hand
Unbinds each social tie ;
Thy carnage desolates the land,
And wakes the orphan's sigh.

Friendship

Friendship and love thou doom'st to mourn,
With unrelenting rage ;
The destin'd son must ne'er return,
To cheer a father's age.

Upborn on thy empurpled wings,
Lo ! Terror comes along,
And threat'ning desolation brings,
The fates around thee throng !

Far hence be all destroying war !
Let peace restoring smile,
And hence be ev'ry discord far !
That could disturb our isle.

May

(29)

May G^u_ATLE PEACE for ever reign,

With unmolested sway !

And with calm bliss, and joys serene,

Illume our future day.

F I N I S.